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FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

Every Mutual District Call Fox can be used for this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual Dis-trict Company are Provided with RATE CARDS and will take WORLD Advts. at Office Prices. LOCATION OF

Mutual Bistrict Messenger Co.'s Offices.

THE APRIL RECORD.

The Number of "WORLDS" Printed During the Month of April, 1889, Was

TEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

THE DAILY AVERAGE WAS

350,256,

Exceeding the Combined Circulation of Any Two Other American Newspapers.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

MR. GERBY'S AGENTS.

One of the results of the futile attempts of Mr. Gerry's Society to rob Mrs. Graham of the custody of her child was to show up the kind of agents employed by the Society. What a travesty upon the objects of the Society such a coarse, profane fellow as Agent

Is the corps of child savers made up of such as he? Is the conversation heard by the children saved from wicked parents of a piece with that used by BURLANDO in his interview with THE EVENING WORLD reporter? Is it to such hands tender children are consigned?

If Mr. GERRY bas any regard for the reputation of his Society he will overhaul his corps of agents at once, and dismiss all those who are unfit for their duty.

A humane society need to have agents with humane instincts.

CRIMINALS WITHOUT MONEY. Yesterday the record was broken in the

matter of railroading criminals. In nine hours from the time the crime was committed two thieves were sent to prison. That substantial justice was done them there appears to be no doubt, but the swiftness with which their cases were despatched cannot but attract attention. How and why was such celerity attained

The answer is very simple. These petty criminals were without money, and consequently without counsel.

THE EVENING WORLD has no particular fault to find with the rapidity with which McCarrry and Cunningham were sent to prison, but it does wish that there was not such a marked difference in the gait of Justice when dealing with a moneyed scoundrel and a penniless rascal.

ABOLISHING OFFICES. Commissioner of Public Works GILROY has found a new way to get rid of an official whose presence is distasteful. He abolishes

the office. Now, if the office stays abolished after the man is thus disposed of no one will find fault, because there are numberless sinecures in the city government that could well be abolished.

There are hundreds of men on the city payrolls whose only duty is to consume taxes. Let Mr. Gilboy abolish all sinecures in his Department, and let them stay abolished.

Mrs. J. ELLEN FOSTER, the noted temper suce worker, was very bitter in her hostility to the Prohibitionists in the campaign of 1888. She was at war with her sisters of the wars since W. C. T. U., because they would not erpouse the cause of Harrison. Over the country she raced with ribbons flying, and the welkin rung with her impassioned plens of the guns. Try it. Price 25 cents.

to mve the country from ruin via the Hanni-

The battle being won, this lady now trots out her husband as a candidate for Register of the Treasury. She wants nothing herself,

We believe WARNER MILLER also played the temperance racket. He might give Mrs. CONTRR a few points.

Judging from the letters received, everybody seems to like the idea of having a Corps of Evening World Physicians for the sick babies of the tenements this Summer. It shall be done.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the handsomest men seen on the streets of Washington is Surgeon-General Hamilton. He is rather short of stature. His hair is jet

black, but his complexion is clear and rosy. The five articles that Gen. Grant contributed to the North American Review while it was under the charge of the late Allen Thorndike Rice, were paid for at the rate of 50 cents a

The wife of George B. Loring, the new Minister to Portugal, is a lineal descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame.

The English locomotive Dreadnaught, that has been on trial for several weeks on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been pronounced a failure for American roads. It proved to be too slow in getting started, was unable to haul a heavy train and got around curves with grea-

MISS MINNIE PALMER.

Miss Minnie Palmer preceded the time-honored performance of "My Sweetheart," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night with a dainty little sketch called "The Ring and the Keeper," in which she showed very unmistakeably that she is capable of higher things than any she has been permitted to attempt as yet. In this sketch Miss Palmer does some really admira-ble work, which will stand upon its own merits without any John-R.-Rogers-ism in the shape of bewildering advertisement.

Miss Palmer has improved very decidedly. She has lost much of the self-consciousness that marred her early performances, and the pert ness of her manner never degenerates into vul garity, as it did formerly. Miss Palmer sings prettily, and dances delightfully; in fact, she is very nearly as successful in managing the train of her dress as is Miss Rosina Vokes.

'My Sweetheart" is an incomprehensible ort of a thing. For the life of me I cannot see why it should have met with success. It is inconsequential, utterly irrelevant and full of bathos. But I like Miss Palmer's personality. In a bill such as that presented by Miss Vokes I think Miss Minnie would be "simply great," as the members of her profession would say. She could not jump into this kind of thing tomorrow. She would need just a little study and rehearsal, and Mr. John B. Rogers, her manager and husband, would require considerable training.

He would have to give up the idea of making a walking jeweller's shop of his charming little wife. Miss Minnie is too winsome to be constituted a peg on which to hang a vulgar display of diamonds, which appeal to none but the uneducated and the unrefined. There are various other things Mr. Rogers would be obliged to do, but he could, and, I am sure, would do them all. Then Miss Palmer could shelve "My Sweet-heart" and take her place in the ranks of legitimate American comediennes, where. I am convinced, she ought to be. ALAN DALE.

Why New York Is Dull.

Marshall P. Wilder tells a story about a young man whose father left him a large tortune recently. The young swell had just returned from London, where he had met the humorist. "Well, how do you find New 1 ork again? said Wilder.

"Beastly dull, don't you know," replied the Anglomaniac. "One meets so many Americaus, don't you know!"

The Food Question. In the Editor of The Evening World:

Every now and then some one starts in to benefit the dear public by some special legislation.

Just now it is the food question which is used as the club. Some one in the interest of the dear public is trying to keep Chicago dressed beef out of New York. The same thing was successfully done in Minneapolis with the result that a bill is now in shape to be driven through the lilinois Legislature to prohibit any flour being sold in fillinois unless it is made from wheat that is inspected by Illinois inspectors. Some one clee in the interest of the dear public had a bill at Albany to benefit sold dear public had a bill at Albany to benefit sold dear public by compelling manufacturers of refined lard, which always contains cotton-seed oil and other substances to take out the piggy flavor of the hogs lard as now made by the bakers, to braud upon it the percentage of its contents. Now, in retalistion, it is proposed that the farmer shall be compelled to mark on all his packages their exact weight, both gross and tare; that the butcher be compelled to give only a certain proportion of fat and bone in his beef, and so on. The exporter, the importer, the farmer, the manufacturer are made the subject of these attacks; but it is generally the consumer over whose body the fighting is done. It was said during the late Rebellion that it was 'a rich man's war and a poor man's fight," and here the case seems to be parallel.

R. G. die is trying to keep Chicago dressed beet

the Was Too Good.

(From the Fouth's Companion.)
'Why don't you walk home from school with Minnie Spring?" a mother one day asked her little daughter. "I never see you together." 'No'm, we're not together very much," said

the little girl demurely.

You are in the same classes, aren't you?"
Yes'm.
And you live in the same street. It must be that you don't think her a nice little girl."
Mamma, burst forth the child with a gush of confidence, she is so good that sometimes I almost hate her.

Valuable Words. [From the Parts Figure.]

The wife of a telegraph operator having treated her husband to an interminable scene of reproaches and complaints, during which he has remained absolutely quiet, asks him, infuriated

at his silence:
"Well, sir, what have you to say in answer?"
And he, after a moment's reflection: "Just
this—that if I had had to telegraph all that to
Bordeaux the message would have cost you 426
francs and 60 centimes."

How Ills Life Was Saved. JERSEY CITY, Oct. 9, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I wish to thank you for the great good ! BILLA. I can honestly say that (indirectly) it has saved MY LIFE, for had it not been for that I feel sure that ald not have continued to earn a living for myself and ulty. I had been suffering for over five years with terrible pains in the head, which at times almost drove me crazy. For eighteen months I enferred all the horrors of malaria, being confined to bed for weeks at a time: I could get no cure, doctor after doctor tried in van; quinin was issuedes: I got worse and werse; my hands, arms, head, &c. became a mass of sores, which would not heal up; my blood was indeed in a TERMINIA. CONDITION, and I had about made up my mind that I would never get well, when a friend told me about your COMPOUND SARRAPARILLA, and I send to your store for three bottles. I commenced taking it at once, before i had taken the first bettie up I commenced to feel better, the scree began healing user, my head felt better, and—well, to make the long ster, my head felt better, and—well, to make the long ster, my head felt better, and—well, to make the long ster, my head felt better, and—well, the milks the long ster, my head felt better, and—well, the milks the long ster, my head felt better. terrible pains in the head, which at times almost dr

ork since a state of the state

generous soul! but her husband is a good They Express Their Humor in Pen and Pencil.

> Third Instalment in the Illustrated Joke Contest.

Hundreds of Competitors Enter the Latest Tournament.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The usual prize-a gold double eagle-is hereby offered for the best original (liustrated joke. Watt McDougall, The World's cartoonist, will be the judge. The illustrated jokes may touch on any topic. The line between a Jonny cartoon and an illustrated joke is sometimes so indistinct that both will be admitted in the competition The judge in making his decision will consider all points, the humor of the text and of the picture, and also the execution of the latter. All drawings must be in outline with pen and link, and about four inches square. All competitors in this contest must address their communications to Editor Illustrated Joke Contest, Thu EVENING WORLD, New York.

He Forgot a Leading Dainty.



Chinese class examination: Examiner Q.-Ah Foo, I want you to name three of the principal products of China. Ah Foo—Tiea and cloffee and—and— Examiner—One more. Come now—(mean-ing opium). You ought to know that prod-uct of which you Chinese are so lond.

Ah Foo (inspired)—Lats.
Gronor H. Miller,
634 East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh

Some Very Stout Porter.



Gen. Butler trifles with Porter. Ha! ha! old man, you had better be more careful how you uncork it!

T. CARLYLE COMETARY.

A Most Luconic Board.



Farmer-Say, sonny, what is this for ? Young America-Oh, dat's ter stop der

yaller fever.
Farmer-H'm. I've often heard of the
Board of Health, but I never seed one before,
T. M. M., New Brunswick, N. J.

No Truth in the Old Saying.



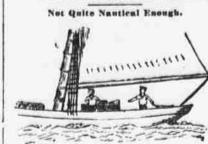
Something new under the sun. A. L. MITCHELL, 21 West Forty-second street.

A Distinction and a Difference.



Sergeant-You have missed every one of the rounds, Hennessy. Hen. -I know it, sorr. I can't see the tar

Sergeant-How is that? Aren't you a tailor by trade? Hen. —I am, sorr. Sergeant-Well, how do you see to thread a needle?

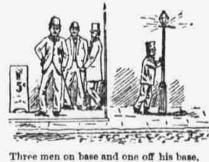


Captain-Let go that jib, Let go that jib, Green Hand-Who in blazes is touching yer confounded old jib. J. J. D., Brooklyn.

Here Is a Complete Novelette!



412 West Thirty-third street. Nothing to Do with the Game.



Davidson, 905 Gates avenue, Brooklyn. Write Your Own Sequel.



Handsome Photographer-How would you like to be taken. Miss?

Charming Subject-For better or for worse WILL MATBIESON, 412 West Thirty-third street.

RAILROADING IN CANADA.

Interesting Experience of a Conductor is Running His Train Over the Snow. [From the Denver News,]

" I'll tell you a yarn," said a Canadian conductor, "but you mustn't use my name, or the people down there would have my scaip. for it's pretty tough on their climate. It was down on the Grand Trunk, just outside of Montreal. There came a fearful fall of snow there never was such a storm before nor since-and then there was a rain-storm, followed by a drop of about 60 degrees in the temperature. Talk about trains runningwhy, trains couldn't walk, they couldn't stir, they were rooted. So 342 and 401 were ordered out with one of those big rain ploughs to tear all before them on the seven-mile branch running to Lachine, so that the suburbsn trains could be got out, any way, and bring in the fat old bankers and such who live there. The branch parallels the main line for a couple of miles after leaving the junction, and that is where the funny business comes in.

out much frouble till we got at the junction, which is right at the city limits. We got our order for Lachine, though an order was very badly wanted, as there wasn't a wheel turning on the line. The night was as dark as pitch, and freezing—well, we could hear it freeze. The trees and the ponds of water, and everything were cracking from the frost. We got the switch pried open with a pinchbar, after thawing it out with hot water from the boiler, and it was no soener over than the water froze it solid again. Out we started with a rush, and had no sooner got going than we brought up with a smash in a big drift. The snow under the crust was thin and powdery like flour. I suppose there was a cataract sent up out of that drift that looked like Niagara going upward. We hauled back and socked it to the two old wood-burners again.

like Nisgara going upward. We hauled back and socked it to the two old woodburners again.

"Well we got through that spot, but soon found that we were in for it. The whole line was buried and we had to keep up a continual slamming. The flying snow from the plough was blinding. When we stuck our beads out they nearly froze and snapped off, and as we couldn't see anything anyway we stuck them out no more. We were braced in the caboose holding on to the bunks for another whack at a drift. Little by little we got up speed, bang, we struck, stopped for a second and then the whole affair gave a jump and tore ahead at fifty miles an hour.

"Hooray," we yelled, 'bully for us, 'Hooray,' we yelled, 'bully for us,' Then there was a sort of jar and we tore ahead through a foot or two of light snow. It was only a joke after all to clear that track. There was such a whirl of snow thrown up that nothing could be seen. Then we slowed up at a station and tumbled out. 'Lachine,' bellowed Dick Hayes, who was on 401, 'the old girl is immense on snow.' In we galloped to the operator's, A new man was in the office.

"'He'llo.' said he, 'where in blazes have you come from?"

We hat's the matter with you?' we said.

"Hello, said he, where in blazes have you come from?"
"What's the matter with you? we said, 'ain't you heard from the despatcher? The wire must be down. Let's go and have a drink at Jim's,"
"Jim's, 'said he, 'you must be crazy, there's no Jim's here. Do you know where you are?"

you are

you are?"
"Where we are: Lachine, of course.'
"You should have seen that fellow's face.
"This is Vandreuil, you fools."
"We collapsed. Do you know what we had done? We had jumped the rails at that drift, run on the crust of the snow for 100 yards and struck on the main line. That's the sort of fun we used to have in the sixties."

Hood's Siirsgasilla 8980A restock on O

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that Merit Wine-Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and actu-ally accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Go., the Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

PEN AND INK PHOTOGRAPHS OF METRO-POLITAN HUMAN NATURE.

Johnny Kernell Makes a flit in an Entirely New Role.

Everybody, or pretty much everybody,

knows Pfeffer. Pfeffer is the "promotor" of a brand of champagne and he is to be found at any public gathering where congregate the class of people who are inclined to "open wine."

He was conspicuous at the recent bicycle race, and while there became a victim to one of Manager Billy O'Brien's playful jokes.

Pieffer is a wonder boy. He is astonished easily, and when one of Capt. Reilly's men on duty at the Garden pointed out a dapper and lively young man fitting hither and thither through the crowd in a new Spring suit and informed the great promoter that it was Mr. Kiil Miller, bunco steerer and gentleman of leisure, the rotund Pfeffer followed him about with curious eyes. He made a

tleman of leisure, the rotund Pfeffer followed him about with curious eyes. He made a study of him, for he had nover before looked upon a real, live bunco steerer.

Suddenly Mr. Kid Miller turned, and on seeing Pfeffer he ru-hed at him with effusive friendliness, and, thrusting out his hand, declared that he (Pfeffer) was the man of all the world the sight of whom yielded the most delight to him.

"I don't know you," said Pfeffer, drawing himself up loitily and clasping his bands behind him.

himself up lostily and clasping his bands behind him.

"Why yes you do," responded the other with an injured air. "Billy O'Brien introduced us at—don't you remember—a:—where was it? And I want to borrow \$5 till tomorrow. I'll give you my I. O. U. for \$6.50 for it. I'm duced sort, don't you know,"

'Now look lere, Mr. Rid Miller," rejoined the lofty Mr. Pfefer indepantly. "I know you for a bunco-steerer and a rascal, and if my friend Sergt. Schmittberger were here, I would have you put out of the Garden."

here, I would have you put out of the Garden."

Just at this moment the bluff Sergeant and Mr. O'Brien approached, and before Pfeffer could speak they had cordially and ceremoniously greeted the dapper young man in a new Spring suit, and he was relating a tale of how he had been grievously insulted by Mr. Pfeffer.

Pfeffer was profuse in his apologies when he learned that it was the genial John Kernell whom he had taken for Kid Miller, and it cost him a couple of quarts of his own

cost him a couple of quarts of his own Sec" to get out of it.

An East Side Grocery Magnate's Queer Bookkeeping. Over in Avenue B is an ancient who deals

in groceries in a small way in a little 7 by 9 store. His name is Isaac Woodruff and he has been there these twenty years, and tradi-tion has it that he has accumulated a fortune He can neither read nor write, but he does a large credit trade in a small way and his methods of bookkeeping are startlingly

methods of bookkeeping are startlingly novel.

He keeps the account of each customer in a separate book, and his neighbors say that his books are always correct to a farthing, and no body ever yet succeeded in cheating him out of a penny.

In the books purchases are recorded by a peculiar series of marks of varying lengths. Thus a dot indicates one cent, a very short perpendicular mark, five cents, a large one, 10 cents, and so on.

Being unable to write the name of the customers on the books, he places each by itself against or near to some fixed object.

For instance, John Doe's book is by the mustard can, Richard Roe's accounts are in the starch drawer, Samuel Soe's under the cheese box, and so on. Old Ike does a large business and there are no complaints of mistakes in his accounts.

Justice Tempered with Mercy and Leavened with Common Seuse. Patrick Gavan Duffy tempers justice with

mercy and there is a homely flavor of sound common sense in many of the sentences which he imposes on the culprits haled be-

which he imposes on the culprits haled before his magisterial bar.

This morning there shuffled along among
the prisoners a colored man, whose misti
trousers showed a tendency to break
acquaintance with his vest, and whose whole
air was one of sullen dejection.

The line hitched along as the leader was
arraigned and disposed of, and at every hitch
an anyious and worn faced mistory. an anxious-eyed, worn-faced mulatto woman on the witness-bench showed stronger and stronger symptoms of nervousness and

line for a couple of miles after leaving the junction, and that is where the funny business comes in.

"We shoved along with our big plough without much trouble till we got at the junction, which is right at the city limits. We got our order for Lachine, though an order was a witness.

The Judge spoke to her kindly, and then sternly to the prisoner said: 'Peter, your wife says you haven't worked in three weeks, have been drunk most of that time and have

have been drunk most of that time and have spent about all she could earn by washing in more drink."

The little woman nodded her head at each charge and looked snxiously at the prisoner. The prisoner only looked defiantly at the little Judge.

"I wouldn't mind, You' Honah, if he didn't spend the money I earn for the children." said the woman.

"How much money have you got. Peter ?"

dren." said the woman.

"How much money have you got, Peter?"
demanded the Judge.

"Jes 30 cents, boss," replied the prisoner,
with a selt-satisfied leer.

"I want it, Peter, to buy potatoes," chimed in the wife.

Then the Judge said, in a voice of unmistakable import and a frown as black as midnight: "Will you give her what money

night: "Will you give her what money you've got?"
"No, I won't. I'll give her nothin'," replied the prisoner, doggedly.
"Thirty days on the Island—take him away," ejaculated the Court, and as he wrote his autograph on the commitment he muttered: "If he'd shown a good disposition and given her that 30 cents I'd let him off with a warning. There's such a thing as being too stubborn with this Court. Next

A Marble John L. Sullivan Idealized, Refined and Classic.

An Evening World reporter strayed into a downtown liquor store yesterday afternoon. He went there to catch a man who had just stepped across from some other store. His visit had nothing to do with getting a drink, f course.

He strolled into the back part of the room.

where the bar was, thinking he would meet the gentleman be sought in that part of the establishment. There are nice little tables standing round, where people can sit very comfortably.

The reporter seated himself and as he looked up gave a start. On a pedestal in the middle of the rear part of the room was a man, a tall white man, very white indeed, so that he looked almost like a ghost, only

that those do not have the kind of a biceps that this fellow had. He hadn't a statch of clothing on him, and

He hadn't a statch of clothing on him, and it was very evident that he was travelling on his shape. His hands were held up in that renelling way in which one likes to meet another in the circle where the Marquis of Queensterry is thought most of.

"What the deuce is all that?" asked the reporter of the bartender.

"That's John L. Sullivan," replied the barkeeper as he rubbed a tumbler. "Ain't he dandy?"

He certainly was, at least as he stood there in cold white marble against a background of brown draperies. John has never been more perfectly knocked out than he has by the Boston sculptor who knocked him out of the marble in this shape.

The figure is of heroic size and the pose is a very natural one. There is little doubt but that the face is considerably idealized, as it is refined and classic, though stern. It is quite a surprise to the thirsty stranger who drops in for a cocktail to meet such a vision of beauty and strength and art. John is not the "bouncer" of this establishment,

Hen.—We don't have to thread needles at hree hundred vards in our business. Peter McGowan, 92 Horatio stacet. MANY SIDES OF CITY LIFE. ANOTHER POINT GAINED.

Justice Duffy's Final Disposal of Autocrat Gerry's Case.

He Dismisses the Application for Alice Graham's Commitment.

Referee Rollin M. Morgan Expects to Hear Testimony Next Week.

The S. P. C. C. has received so many black eyes recently that it took Judge Duffy's undercut at Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday afternoon with comparative forti-

The magistrate had temporarily given little Alice Graham into her mother's keeping last Saturday and said he would finally decide the case after he found out what the Supreme Court meant to do about it. Neither Alice nor her mother went to Jeffer-

Nother Alice nor her mother went to Jefferson Market vesterday, but Assistant Supt. Stocking and Agent Lurlando were floating around, looking auxiously after Mr. Gerry's interests, and seeking, if possible, to secure the further persecution of Mrs. Graham.

Judge Duify, however, did not give them a chance to do anything, for when he had called the two officers of the Society before him he simply said:

'I understand that Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, has ordered a referee to

him he simply said:

"I understand that Judge Ingrabam, of
the Supreme Court, has ordered a referee to
take testimony as to whether the mother or
fether should have the child. I therefore
d smiss the case so far as this Court is concerned. The mother may have the child, and
I trust she will show that she is the proper
person to have charge of it in the tuture."

It is rumored that there is a possibility
that the examination will not go on before
the referee because the husband has such a
weak case that even Mr. Gerry's Society,
which is backing him up in the proceeding,
is berinning to realize the folly of pressing
his claims.

It was only a big bluff on Mr. Gerry's part
when he at first found he had lost his case,
and now that he sees how hasty he was in his
solvice to the father he is showing a disposition to back out from the extremely awkward

advice to the father he is showing a disposi-tion to back out from the extremely awkward situation in which he finds himself.

Graham has had sil the opportunity he could desire within the last year to bring these proceedings against his wife, as he has been in this city repeatedly. But, knowing the weakness of his claims, he has preferred to annoy his wife in a mean and contempti-ble way by threatening to kidnap the child, thus keeping her in a state of continual alarm. alarm, It is only the machinery of Mr. Gerry's Society that has stiffened up his backbone

Society that has stiffened up his backbone temporarily.

Lawyer Abe Hummel denied this morning that there was any intention on the part of Graham to abandon the proceedings which he had instituted. The latter went to Washington last night to procure evidence with which to fight the case.

Mr. Hummel said that the Washington courts made descrition a ground for absolute divorce, and that the custody of the child naturally belonged to the father under the circumstances.

naturally belonged to the father under the circumstances.

Still, the fact that the mother had supported the child for the last six years while it had not received anything from the father, he thought, was a strong point in Mrs. Graliam's favor.

Referee Rollin M. Morgan, who was appointed by Judge Ingraham to take testimony in the case, has not yet fixed any day for the first hearing, but he expects to take up and finish the case next week.

THE BARONESS BLANC. A Pretty Blonde Who Is Cutfing a Dash in

New York Society. [Clara Relle's Letter to the Philadelphia Press,] At the theatres and in the Park a woman of blonde beauty has been attracting much attention throughout the season. She is the Baroness Blanc, well known in Philadelphia. and the very big and handsome young man who forms one of the large group of masculines that is ever about the fair creature is the husband. M. le Baron. Folks used to doubt his right to the title, but that has been settled. He is a real Baron. At the play the Baroness is particularly conspicuous for her exquisite toilets, each one of which figures only upon a single occasion. She sits inversably in the front chair of a box, gazing

curtain is up, and over the audience between

curtain is up, and over the audience between the acts.

A man of some sort is always whispering into her ear. She smiles occasionally, and taps him with her fan when he is especially clever. The woman's face is not surprisingly beautiful. It is only striking because its complexion is somewhat heightened by rouge and the hair above it is bleached to a brilliant yellow. Her figure is slight and stylish and her costumes are unexceptionable. On pleasant afternoons the Baroness drives a pair of chestnut cobs in a phaeton out over the Park. At her feet lies a huge mastiff. A groom perches behind her. Sometimes there is a man at her side. Everybody turns to look at her, for her hair gleams in the sun, her hat is a wondgr of gorgeous millinery, and she handles her reins and whip like a thoroughbred. She always urges her ponies to a spanking gait and whirls by all the lumbering hacks and barouches on the road with a great showing of disdain and jingling harnesses.

In the theatres, the Park and cafes, the Baroness is ever brilliant to the eye and undoubtedly depleting to the purse. She cuts the greatest dash of any young woman in New York, and besides enjoying all the extravagant embellishments that go with daily and nightly entertainment her establishment is noted for its luxury and prodigslity. In her house on Fifth avenue the best of suppers, the best of wines and the best of good cheer find generous dispensation.

In view of this, some one asked the question the other night of how M. le Baron, with an income that might supply his household with its orchids and gaslight, but nothing more of its richness, managed to keep such a bright eye and ruddy cheek over the dazzling life his wife is leading him through.

Such questions as these in New York are never squarely answered. the acts.

A man of some sort is always whispering

Such questions as these in New York are never squarely answered.

His Good Iden.

[From Puck.] The Postmaster-General-Mr. President. have decided to introduce a new feature into the Post-Office Department. The President-That's good! What is it?

The Postmaster-General-A bargain counter for stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes.
The President—What will be the bargain price of 2-cent stamps?

MThe Postmaster-General—Twelve for a quarter. Itell you, there's nothing like putting business into such things!

The Stupid Drummer.

[From Texas Stiffiage.]
Member of Firm-How do you like the looks of the new drummer I have engaged? Partner-To tell the truth, he looks awful

stunid.

That's his strong point. He has such a stupid look that the customers will give him orders out of pure sympathy. The Haggage-Smasher's Fate.

(From the New York Weekly.)
First Bangage-Smasher-Say, Jake, I'm thinkit 'nd be money in our packets if we'd begin handlin' trunks more kearful.

Jake-Why wud it?

"Because the more we smash 'em the bigger and stronger and heavier they make 'em. I've struck three this mornin' made out o' reg'lar boiler iron. Me back's most broke."

The Blood Is Enriched And improved by the use of CARTER'S INCH PILLS.



"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER," remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afruid cosmetics would. The silly little woman, in order to appear youthful plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yelept balms," creams, 'I otions, "cic." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and so pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughress, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is guaranteed to do all that it is claimed to, or mooney pate for it will be promptly refunded.

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THE EVENING WORLD takes pleasure in announcing for early publication

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in the form of a story in verse by THE EVENING WORLD poet, entitled "A YANKEE LUCILLE."

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IN PREPARATION, I. A LOCAL STORY BY NELLIE

BLY.

2. A Series of Twenty Original Novelettes by the Leading Writers of Fiction.

The Boy Preacher. [From Texas Stylings, 1] Clerical Man—Can I get a job to raise a little

** Well, Doctor, how did you enjoy your Afri-

A Change for the Better. [From Texas Siftings.]
G.—Fish is said to have been a model prisoner while he was in jail. He never gave anybody

Cures Dyspepsia.

eligious enthusiasm in your church? Deacon-Who are you? "' I sm a boy preacher."
"' What is your age?"
"Sixty-five."
"You won't do. We don't employ any boy preachers under seventy this year." Once in a While. Prom Texas Siftings. 1
Boy (reading history)—Pa, are dishoness cople still punished by the stocks ? Pa (who speculates a little)—Occasionally, my son, occasionally, down on Wall street. Wanted Him to Stay for Dinner.

an journey? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they are very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."

any trouble.

H.—Well, then, it wasn't such a bad idea send-ing him to jail. He never made that kind of a citizen while he was outside.



Mrs. O. H. WATGON, of Redfield. Dak., says: "I have received great relief from dyspepsia since taking your valuable remedy." Sold by druggists, or we and by mail for Zā centa a bex. For two-cent stamp we mail strellar and sample.
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